

The World

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FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 13.

SAFETY IN LIGHT.

A description of how the Hoosac Tunnel is lighted and ventilated appears to-day on another page of the EVENING WORLD. The same reporter who spent three hours in the blackness of the Fourth Avenue Tunnel on Monday, was sent to the Hoosac Tunnel and went through it in the cab of a locomotive on Wednesday night and yesterday morning. His report shows the fallacy of the statements of the New York Central's experts regarding tunnel lighting, and conclusively proves that a tunnel properly ventilated and lighted is the safest part of a road at night, and equally safe in the daylight.

The Hoosac Tunnel is lighted by electricity, one thousand two hundred and fifty incandescent lights, each of sixteen-candle power, being used. They are strung along the sides of the tunnel, which is four and three-quarter miles long, at distances of forty feet apart. They were introduced two years ago, and since that time there has not occurred in the Hoosac Tunnel an accident of any kind, and not even an employee has been injured. The enormous cost of this safe system of lighting is \$30 a day. The ventilation costs nothing, as it is done by means of a big central shaft connecting with spiral shafts. Just before going into the tunnel the engineers cover their faces with gammas' coke, which gives out little smoke. The locomotive on which THE EVENING WORLD reporter rode in travelling the four and three-quarter miles used precisely five bushels of coke. His train went through the tunnel at the rate of thirty-three miles an hour. Indeed, trains never stop up in going through the Hoosac Tunnel. The same block system of signalling is used as that in the Fourth Avenue Tunnel, the only difference being that the engineers are able to see the signal lights. This they can do a mile ahead.

The bold attempt on the part of the New York Central to deceive the public into the belief that the Fourth Avenue Tunnel cannot be lighted and ventilated is made more and more apparent as investigation goes on. This company is so used to having its own way that it brooks no interference. The time has arrived, however, when endurance can no longer exist. The public is aware that the lives of thousands are risked daily, not because this company cannot, but because it will not make the Fourth Avenue Tunnel safe.

The Grand Jury will consider the cause of the disaster of Feb. 20th next week. There is enough evidence of criminal carelessness by the management of the New York Central Railroad in its conduct of the tunnel, to carry conviction in case of indictment. If severe punishment is meted out, there can be no call for compassion, for after two terrible warnings no steps have been taken to insure future safety, the VANDERBILT motto—"the public be damned"—seeming to be like-wise the policy of the VANDERBILT railroad.

FEED THEM BETTER.
The jolly police rats on the Patrol are "shivering their timbers" over the menu. They give up \$1 a week apiece to Capt. Hoosac for board. They are obliged to take their meals on board the police boat. They say they don't get enough to eat and that what they do get isn't nice.
Four dollars a week entitles the marine bluecoats to enough substantial and appetizing food. They are justified in complaining if they are kept hungry or are fed poorly. With their vigorous, keen-edged appetites, they cannot be subject to a morbid fastidiousness in diet. The price they pay won't keep them on *pate de foie gras*, or *Chateaubriand steaks*, but it should give them good meat, good vegetables, good bread, and good coffee.

If they don't get these somebody is to blame, and that somebody is the one who buys the food. Give the treasury rats of the Patrol their money's worth of board. This is the baldest justice.

MORE ROOM FOR FREE LECTURES.
Gov. Hill signed to-day the bill amending the original Free Lectures measure for New York City that the Board of Education will be allowed to hire public halls for the lectures instead of being restricted to the use of school buildings. This amendment was called for by the increasing popularity of the discourses, which brought the attendance far above the accommodations afforded by the school-rooms. The signing of the amendment completes the victory of THE EVENING WORLD in a struggle of over two years' duration, in the interests of free and practical instruction for the masses on subjects of every-day importance.

The Game Wardens have blocked AUSTIN Corbin's men engaged in corraling live deer to be put in the game preserve. The Wardens take the ground that such capture is illegal as killing the deer. Their action at least gives the poor animals a chance for their lives.

The bank at Monte Carlo is said to have lost \$200,000 yesterday. Whether this is true or not, the report is calculated to increase the players which stream towards its opulent tables.

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fashions and Fancies That Delight the Gentler Sex.

Now We Have Cleopatra Cloth—Pillow Shams and Their Prices—Some Novelties in Trade—Fashionable Gloves—Advice About Skirts.

The Cleopatra cloth is one of the most admired of all the new cotton fabrics. The ground is a dull blue, brown or red, with the Egyptian crescent or disk in relief. It is very inexpensive—30 cents a yard or less.



Pillow-shams are made of the finest quality of linen. Shams measure 30 inches square, or a foot longer from 30 to 36 inches. There is a large assortment to choose from, with neatly embroidered floral and conventional designs, plain and fancy hemstitched, lace, brook and reverse work designs, at prices ranging from \$1.50 to \$2.50 per pair; for plain shams, for instance, from \$1.25 to \$1.50 per pair; for lace, brook and reverse work from \$2.50 to \$3.00 per pair. Sheet shams to match, measure 66x90 inches, and range in price from \$4.50 to \$6.00 each.

Don't put a hand on your skirt. Gave it closely to the figure and finish with a cord, as the dress sleeves were ten years ago.
Pure silk stockings are \$1 a pair, spun silks are \$1.50 and silk and cotton thread at \$1.50 will look quite as nice and outwear a dozen of the stout silk.

Nowadays gloves are made with short, medium and long fingers and in all widths from A to E, after the manner of shoes. Four-button lengths may be had for \$1.25 and six-button for \$1.50, with plain backs. Embroidered adds 25 cents to the above prices. The unadorned or simple kid is also in vogue, four-button being \$1.50; six, \$1.75; nine, \$2.25; twelve, \$2.75 for the plain backs. Mousquetaires are much worn, and seem likely to continue popular. In the long gloves of twelve or more buttons the slit is long enough to admit the hand without pulling on or off the whole glove, so that at a dinner party a lady can dine in her gloves by tucking the hand up the wrist.

Miss Julia Fletcher, author of "Kismet" and other novels more or less popular, is tall and handsome, about thirty years old, with large, dark eyes. She has a rich, musical voice, and converses with great fluency. She has been abroad ten years, chiefly in Italy.

Hand-engraved dessert forks in sterling silver are considered dirt cheap at \$4 a dozen.

Here are some of the very latest things in trade: Old rose color calf shoes, silver I. ticket cases, pound cake covered with whole walnuts whitewashed with cream, imperial prunes and California figs for a spring tonic, vichy and milk for the same purpose, pastes of corned and turbot for the sleeves, collar and belt of dem-dress; Brussels net embroidered with Turkish embroidery for drapery, one-piece heavy velvet, pink chamois, cream, cold bathing needles, tortoiseshell latins, shuffles, English broadcloth for tailor-made suits, leather aprons for, for trimming street costumes; a gold mouse for a breastpin, gawing as a rope design; dress material, woven with a rope design; gawing, gawing with lightning bolt; rubbers, modelled after the Venetian shoe that come up back and front to the ankle line; bath robes of Turkish linen, with a "dry up" on each end, embroidered in silver letters a foot long; house slippers of red moquette with silver tips and heels of gold; opera gloves and slippers of silver kid; evening gloves embroidered with beads; terrapin of decorated china worth \$50 a dozen, and ten thousand other beautiful things that good people can do without and still be healthy and happy.

ROBBERIES BY A SERVANT.
A Roomful of Stolen Goods Found by the Elizabeth Police.

Elizabeth N. J. March 12.—Maggie Collins, a young and good-looking servant in the family of Charles B. Watters, has been arrested, and the police have found several trunks full of goods, alleged to have been stolen by her from different places where she had formerly been employed.

The all apparently seized everything that came into her hands. The goods fit a large room at Police Headquarters, and include portable, alarm, trip-trick, silk dresses, gloves, hats, all kinds of household articles, &c., to the value of about \$1,000.

Among those who have been identified part of the property as having been stolen from them are Mrs. W. J. Smith, of the Cornice Works; C. B. Watters, of the Police; Mrs. Allen, of the Police; William Armstrong and Mrs. Hugh Brady.

Tired of Her Fourth Husband.
Sue by Mrs. Caroline Fredericks for divorce from her fourth husband, John Fredericks, of 25 Second avenue, was heard in the superior court to-day. Divorce was reserved.

THE CLEANER.

I was struck when Lawrence Barrett appeared on the stage at the Broadway Theatre last night in the character of Othello, the Moor, by his remarkable resemblance, in make-up and action, to Aesch, the famous chess-playing automaton.

And at the same performance I noticed how, in the costume of Iago, Mr. Barrett's legs show his age and assist in making it appear that his days as a great actor are drawing to a close. After Othello had killed himself Iago rolled his eyes to such an extent as to excite the admiration of a young man in the row of orchestra seats. "That's a new you can tell great actor," said this enthusiast. "Look at his eyes rollin'!"

Apparently the organizers of the new millennium club were somewhat previous in deciding to call it the "Metropolitan," for it appears that there is already in existence in this city another social organization bearing the same name. This discovery has made it necessary to select another designation, and it is proposed to call the new club the "Park," an acronym of its prospective location near Central Park. As the organizers expect to corral at least a thousand millionaires as members, it might not be inappropriate to name it the Billion Club.

I was in George Butler's studio yesterday and saw a very spirited crayon head which was his first draught for the portrait he is to paint of Col. Appleton of the Seventh Regiment. The portrait is to be a three-quarter length and it is as good as this study for it nothing can be more satisfactory.

Despite the protests of many Tammanyites that there is nothing of factional politics in the canvass for the election of managers of the Manhattan Club, I know that many members of the Club, who are also members of or friendly to the Tammany Club, are provided with bulky bundles of what is known as the Tammany ticket. There is also a little quiet electioneering going on in behalf of that ticket.

It is eminently meet and proper that the young women of the community should sing and dance and, in fact, participate most conspicuously in the entertainment to be given soon in aid of the Sherman Monument Fund. During their lifetime the girls had no warmer friend nor sincerer admirer than the grizzled old warrior.

Reform Club people have hastened to deny their Tariff Reform canvass of the State is in the interests of Mr. Cleveland. I presume I am not alone in the idea that those little letters would be particularly advanced by the canvass in question.

I took my first view of the bust of Levi P. Morton, at Stewart's studio, yesterday and was deeply impressed by the faithful chiseled representation of the Vice-President's wig.

It is cheerful, is it not? The announcement by ex-Senator Warner Miller, I mean, that \$100,000 is the trifling sum representing the probable top-notch cost of the Nicaragua Canal.

It seems to be the fashion just now for our millionaires to put some of their surplus wealth in big hotels. The Astors have already made a beginning of their new hotel at Thirty-third street and Fifth avenue, and now I see that Theodore Havemeyer the Sugar King, is talking of building a mammoth hotel, which will cover the entire block bounded by Fifth and a Madison avenue and Thirty-first and Thirty-second streets. Evidently the travelling public of the future who visit New York are going to be well housed.

SPOTLIGHTS.

Turkey is going to send literature to the World's Fair. This is not the literary contribution one would look for in Turkey's Fair products.

It is to Lombardi's credit that he is a more driving young man than Shrewsbury.

Russell Sage in his views of the five-dollar bill seems to regard it as a woman's dress, viz.: as a closely clinging V-shaped affair.

Is Wyoming rich in bears? She has taken a "bore" for her seal.

The Winter hills me with disgust. For something I am waiting. Now, when the snow comes it is just enough to spoil the skating. —Zerkow.

Ex-President Hayes never gets nearer a coup d'etat than a omelette in the coop.

Lady Gay Spenser must have been a judicious and ladylike man, judging from her name.

A prize on the head of the wolf has turned the northern part of Minnesota into wolf-scurry.

Harris might get on or two on the use of a blade while on his duck-shooting, and thus combine business and pleasure.

Mr. Theodore Thomas may find that going to Chicago to play is very hard work.

A Tender Heart.

He—May I see you home?

She—No, but you may see me start.

A Suspicious Husband.

Mrs. Yeger—I think, Colonel, you should go to church to-day.

Col. Yeger—Is what sort of an Easter hoop will you buy out of those poor thoughts?

It Reflected Too Much.

She—Aren't you going on the ice, Mr. Gross?

He—No, thank you; I intended to, but I've changed my mind, on reflection.

The Prodigal Family.

Prodigal Son—I come to you with a heavy heart.

Prodigal's Father—And a light pocketbook. I know all about that. How much do you need now?

Lenten Restriction.

Fledgling—As it is all over with as I wish you would return me the ring and watch I gave you.

Allice—I cannot give them to you until after Lent.

Fledgling—But I'll wait upon them now.

Allice—You know, my Fledgling, that I cannot indulge in any pleasure during this season.

Matrimonial Item.

Mr. Jones—No you have been off on a bridal tour to Canada and Niagara Falls. What did you see that pleased you most while you were away, Mrs. McNulty?

Mrs. McNulty—Modesty—My husband.

Experience Speaks.

What is your home to you?

"Thirty thousand dollars."

"What do you have the calculation on?"

"The architect's figures. He says \$10,000 will pay for it."

Blessed Are the Peace Makers.

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SAFETY IN LIGHT.

The Hoosac Tunnel Absolutely Guarded Against Danger by Collisions.

The Ventilation Almost Perfect and Signals Visible a Mile Away.

Incandescent Lamps, Forty Feet Apart, Make the Subway Light as Day.

An "Evening World" Reporter's Personal Inspection and Its Results.

While yet the shrieks and groans of those six hapless railway employees, sacrificed in the New York Central Tunnel, were still echoing in the ears of the public, THE EVENING WORLD raised its voice for the introduction of a system of ventilating and lighting the long subway that had become a very death trap.

The officers of this great corporation snatched their fingers and declared that it was impossible to ventilate the tunnel any better than by the present alleged system, and in fact that the hole under Park avenue was a model in the way of ventilation, any way.

As to lighting the tunnel, President Channing M. Depew ridiculed that idea as nonsense.

THE EVENING WORLD suggested electricity as the best lighting method, but the millionaires of this big railroad company declared that electric lights would only confuse the drivers of the big locomotives that go thundering through the tunnel at twenty to thirty miles an hour, under instructions to run cautiously, with a maximum of twelve miles an hour.

THE EVENING WORLD gave an exhaustive description of how the St. Louis Tunnel was ventilated and lighted, with copious illustrations.

An EVENING WORLD representative spent three hours in the New York tunnel on a muggy day, and secured positive evidence that on such a day, owing to the fog and the smoke of engines, the engineers could not possibly see the signal lights for the greater part of the time, and were obliged to depend almost entirely upon a mechanical device for sounding a danger gong.

The same reporter was despatched to Massachusetts to make a similar investigation of the

HOOSAC TUNNEL.

HOOSAC TUNNEL, one of the finest works of the kind in the world.

John Sherman once said to the doubting Thomases who questioned his ability as a National financier to resume specie payments: "The way to resume is to resume."

The New York Central managers may conclude that the way to ventilate and light their tunnel is to do it.

The great Hoosac Tunnel is on the line of the old Fitchburg Railroad, and THE EVENING WORLD representative reached Greenfield on that line, thirty miles east of the hole in the mountains, Wednesday evening.

At 6 o'clock through Express No. 34, nearly half an hour late, came whirling up to the station, drawn by Engine No. 6, a locomotive of the New York Central.

The iron horse panted and sighed as it stood at the station, and a round man with mild blue eyes and a quiet, subdued manner went carefully over her outside cocks and valves.

He was a typical engineer, cool, calm and untroubled through long experience in guiding countless thousands over the ancient Hay State trunk line, with its sharp curves, steep grades and tunnels.

"To this quiet man in faded blue overalls and jumper and gray skull-cap the reporter addressed himself.

"Mr. Engineer, I have come all the way from New York for the express purpose of finding out how you get through the big tunnel," began the reporter.

"William F. Gough, or 'Bully,' as his fellow workmen call him, replied deprecatingly.

"We are not permitted to carry passengers in the engine—it is against the law."

"But, sir, I am under instructions to make a careful investigation of the tunnel, with regard to its ventilation and lighting. I have not the time to go to Fitchburg and obtain a permit, and the law is a dead letter in Massachusetts, as it is in all other States. Let me take the place of your fireman. I will keep the fire in good shape," pleaded the stranger.

Bully pondered, and then, just as he had been turned up to his seat in the cab, said:

"Come on at Charlemont, twenty-three miles ahead. I'll take you through. I've been an engineer on this road for 15 years, and I'll risk the blame."

The train was the heaviest on the Fitchburg road. It consisted of nine drawing-room cars, 11 coal cars, 10 passenger cars, and for half an hour it spun along, winding in and out among the Massachusetts mountains, ever on a double curve.

Twice on Gough's cushion, the reporter enjoyed the exquisite experience of riding ahead of the train along the "blow-up" path through the darkness of a perfect start-up.

Several little hamlets were passed, and in

fourteen minutes the amateur railroader entered the white signal light of "safety" at the eastern opening of the tunnel.

The engine plunged in, and then came a resounding startily pleasant.

Far, far ahead, he looked down a vista made almost as light as day by rows of incandescent electric lights that hung on either wall of the great subway.

The steel rails glinted in the white light, and the eyes pierced the tunnel for a mile ahead.

Bully kept his hand upon the lever, but never once did he slacken speed.

Why should he?



The tunnel was the safest part of the road at that hour of outside darkness.

Here and there the locomotive passed a signal light, and Bully was "pounding her on the back" for thirty-three miles an hour.

Up grade at 2.5 feet to the mile, but by the use of Master Mechanic Leach's sand distributing invention, old No. 6 easily maintained her terrific speed.

"As we near the central shaft, we get more smoke and fog," yelled Fireman Goodspeed, rightly named, for he was reading him, having prepared his fire for the passage of the tunnel.

Old Gave out a white smoke that seemed to have no body, for it dissipated almost immediately.

This was because just before entering the subway Goodspeed had covered his red-hot fire with gammas' coke, which makes the most intense heat, but gives forth almost no smoke at all.

Milway in the tunnel is the central shaft, a bore 18 by 24 feet, running clear to daylight at the top of the mountains 1,038 feet above.

At 6 o'clock THE EVENING WORLD investigator was again at the mouth of the great artificial cavern, the work of twenty years of unceasing labor.

This time the visitor was on foot. The electric station stands just at the West Portal, two miles from the North Adams Station, and here the reporter stopped to induce Electrical Engineer Fred Briggs, or his partner, C. P. Blodgett, to enter the tunnel with him.

Mr. Blodgett readily agreed when he learned the New York Central's errand, for he is justly proud of the immense electric plant over which he and Briggs are masters.

Leisurely wending the way down the tracks into the hole, Engineer Blodgett responded to the queries of the investigator:

"I can't tell you how much our plant cost, but we have five dynamos. Three of them are in operation, the other two being reserves. The system has been in operation for a little more than two years, and the total cost of lighting the tunnel is less than \$30 a day.

"You see, the lights are forty feet apart on either wall, and there are 1,200 of them. Each of them is 16-candle power. We have five men. Two of them receive \$17.50 each per week; one gets \$16.10, and the two of them \$15.35 a week. We use four tons of coal daily in our 120-horse-power engine. The balance of the \$30 a day is in breakage of globes, exhaustion of wires and other repairs."

By this time the explorers had reached a point one mile from the place of entrance. Looking ahead, despite the fog of the outer world, the twinkling lights could be seen clearly nearly a mile farther into the tunnel. Turning about, the western opening could be seen—almost white to do.

The reporter was obliged to button his overcoat up to the throat, however, owing to the draught made by the central shaft.

"You see," said Engineer Blodgett, "the objection that the electric lights would make a blinding glare is a mistake. That green light that you see ahead is nearly a mile away. Of course this effect could not be produced without ventilation adequate to carry off the fog and smoke."

"I see no reason, from all the descriptions of your New York tunnel, why it could not be almost perfectly ventilated."

"At any rate, the present condition of the New York tunnel could be very much improved. I should say that by closing up the roof apertures in your tunnel, and constructing at intervals of a few hundred feet tall shafts to the upper air, the New York Central tunnel could be nicely ventilated, and then the introduction of a system of incandescent lighting would be entirely feasible."

"At any rate, the use of powerful fans at the mouths of the tunnel, in conjunction with such shafts or chimneys, would undoubtedly work much better than the present system, at all times when ventilation is really needed."

While the questioner and the engineer were in the tunnel there entered a heavy freight train. The locomotive belched forth great clouds of white smoke, which gave forth a pungent, but not at all disagreeable, odor.

The stranger pulled his hat over his eyes for protection, but there was no shower of sparks nor cinders, and the smoke rolled against the roof of the subway and there vanished.

It was quite smoke, cinders and without body. Quite unlike the thick, heavy, black, smudge that makes the New York Central Tun-

nel worse than dark, and pouring out of the roof apertures, begrimes the houses in Park avenue.

"You will readily appreciate," said Blodgett, "that we have to pull our trains up a heavy grade for two and a half miles, and that if coke were used admirably with us should be even more satisfactory on the levels of your New York tunnel, especially as the tunnel run in New York is only about one-half the length of the Hoosac."

After breakfasting at the Wilson House, West Adams, the newspaper man climbed into Engine No. 6 again, as it started on its eastward trip at 10 o'clock in the morning.

The result was as completely satisfactory as

expensive, and would burn out the fire-box of the engine.

"But after two years' trial, it is found that the five bushels of coke used in pulling the heaviest train at full speed through the bore actually cost less than the soft coal required for the same purpose would cost."

"Gammas' are mighty glad to dispose of their coke at \$3.50 a ton, and a ton is simply immense in bulk."

"We have watched the light made by THE EVENING WORLD in behalf of safe ventilation and safe lighting of the New York tunnel with very deep interest, and it rather made us smile when we read the answer of the company that

"Of course the New York Central can ventilate their tunnel. Of course they can light it," said an old and experienced matter mechanic of the Fitchburg.

"It is arrant nonsense to say it can't be done. But it will cost money. Our people put \$30,000 in improvement as long as they could, but now that they have tried it they wouldn't go back to the old 'humbug' way for any consideration. From 60 to 100 trains pass through the Hoosac every 24 hours and we haven't killed or maimed any one nor had an accident of any kind in the tunnel since we introduced the incandescent lights. The Central folks should be compelled to use coke, though, in their tunnel. In fact, I have wondered why they were not obliged long ago to abandon that nasty soft coal for coke in New York City. Coke is infinitely cleaner, the expense is actually less, and of course you know that coke makes the best steam generator that can be found, while the old notion that it would burn out the fire-box has been exploded in our experience."

Last evening the tunnel investigator was dragged along down through the New York Central Tunnel on a New Haven train. A chance opening of the car-door admitted a dense volume of overpowering dirty black smoke.

The effect of the verdict of the Coroner's jury was shown in the small-hole progress of the train, the frequent wheezes in the air-brakes and the occasional stop made by the engine, for, as usual, the tunnel was worse than dark. It was contained with fog and smoke. The traveler was glad to emerge into the lower open with all his limbs intact.

FINDING DUNCAN'S PLUNDER.
Over \$27,000 Worth of the Stolen Diamonds Recovered.

The police are very mysterious to-day over the recovery of \$27,000 worth of the diamonds which were stolen from Lewisham & Co., of 41 Maiden lane, Jan. 7 last by William C. Duncan, a young clerk in their employ.

The young man made good his escape at the time, and according to public accounts has not yet been captured or even since he first disappeared.

The diamonds which have been recovered were found in the safe of an up-town hotel. The police say, and we deplored here by Duncan at the time he disappeared, he having registered at the hotel under an assumed name and taken a check for the package which was put in the safe.

The value of the diamonds stolen was about \$20,000. The successful specialist in capturing all forms of nervous and chronic disease, 35 West 14th st., New York, can be consulted free, personally or by letter. Call or write him your case, or send for a pamphlet. I have used two bottles and I am now at work the same as ever. HENRY DROWN.

242 Chambers st., Worcester, Mass. Dr. Greene, the successful specialist in curing all forms of nervous and chronic disease, 35 West 14th st., New York, can be consulted free, personally or by letter. Call or write him your case, or send for a pamphlet. I have used two bottles and I am now at work the same as ever. HENRY DROWN.

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